

# Krazy Kat

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By Herriman

## Rural Editor's Scrap Basket

**A**B SCRUBS has been to the hospital in the city to have a portion of his colon removed. After a period of coma Ab made a dash from the hospital with only a semi-colon.

Judge Meeker says they have horses shows an' automobile shows, but the poor pedestrian he has no show.

Developments in some of the liquor blockade runnin' cases jest go to prove that there is somethin' in that old adage, "There is no arrest for the wary."

Operatic star mixed up in a matrimonial litigation says she has nothin' to conceal. After lookin' at her in her workin' clothes we would say that she is doin' it.

When the disarmament conference gets through chewin' the apple there ain't goin' to be no corps—leastwise no naval corps.

There was a terrific storm out Davy Green's way last Tuesday. He says the wind blew so hard that it almost lifted the mortgage off his farm-house. Some storm, say we.

Miss Hilda Morris says that a crowded subway train always reminds her of an old-fashioned minstrel show, especially that part where the interlocutor says, "Gentlemen, be seated." An' not to say concealed, say we.

Nathaniel Smith, life-long Republican, died the other day whilst shearin' sheep. He passed away as he lived—a died in the wool Republican, say we.

In the olden days if a girl's stockin' had a run in it anywhere between the ankle an' the knee it was still good for service, but nowadays if it has a blemish anywhere from the heel to the mizzen-mast it has to be scrapped.

There were a lot of hard boiled eggs for breakfast—the hen fruit kind, not humans—at Miss Prune's boardin' house all last week. Susie, the cook, usually times the bollin' of the eggs by singin' that old hymn, "Rock of Ages," three verses for soft and five for hard. But Susie had a cold last week an' couldn't sing, so her timer was thrown out of whack.

News item says women by knitting are keeping the yarn factories busy. Some of 'em keep the yarn mills busy by runnin' aroun' with other women's husbands, say we.

## A Few Good Ones

**The Catty Woman!**  
**ELLA**—The surgeon took two stitches in my face.  
**Stella**—That's what might be called plain sewing.

**No Choice.**  
**"I** HEAR Charlie's on his feet again."  
"Yes, poor boy; his creditors took his car."

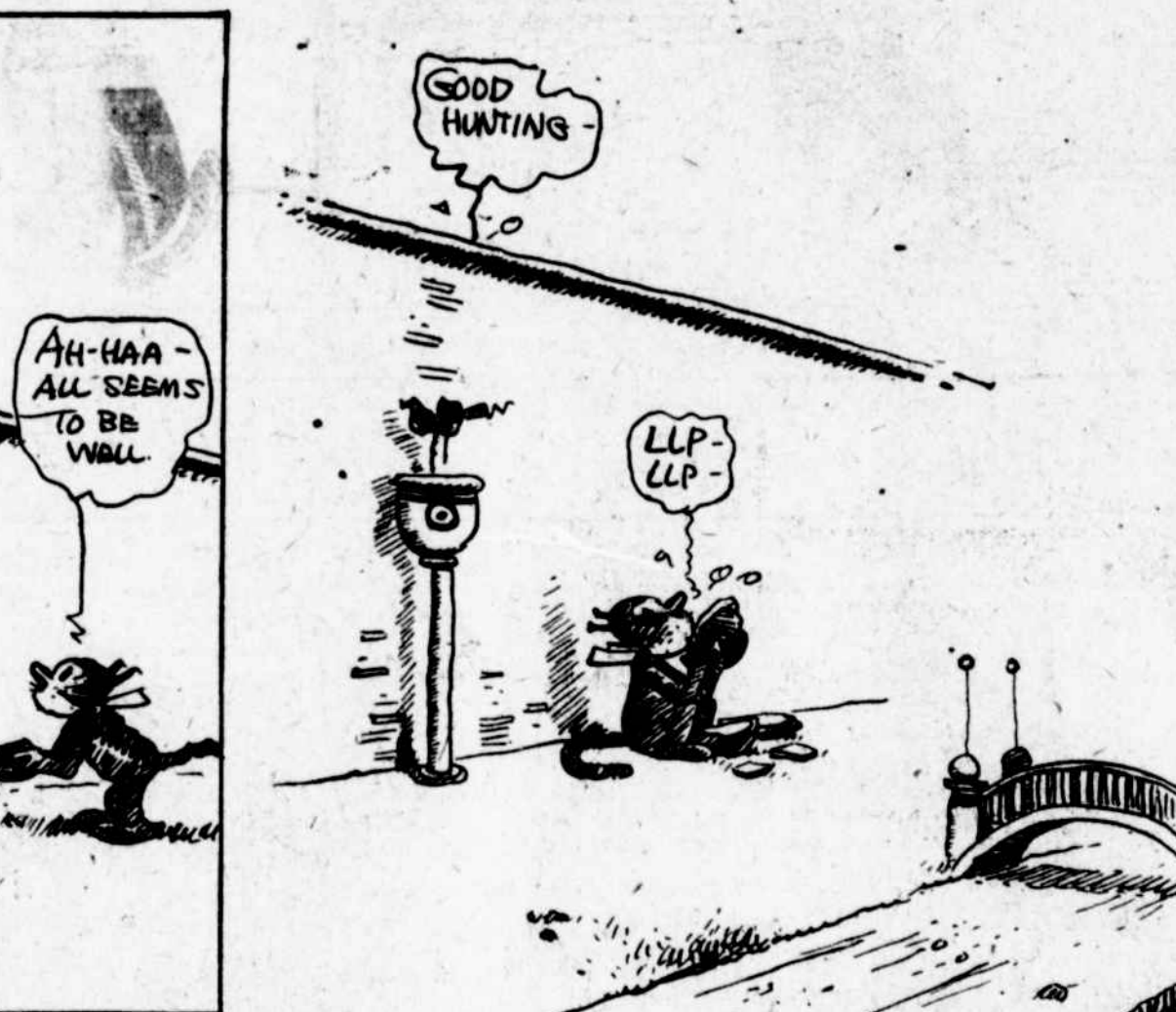
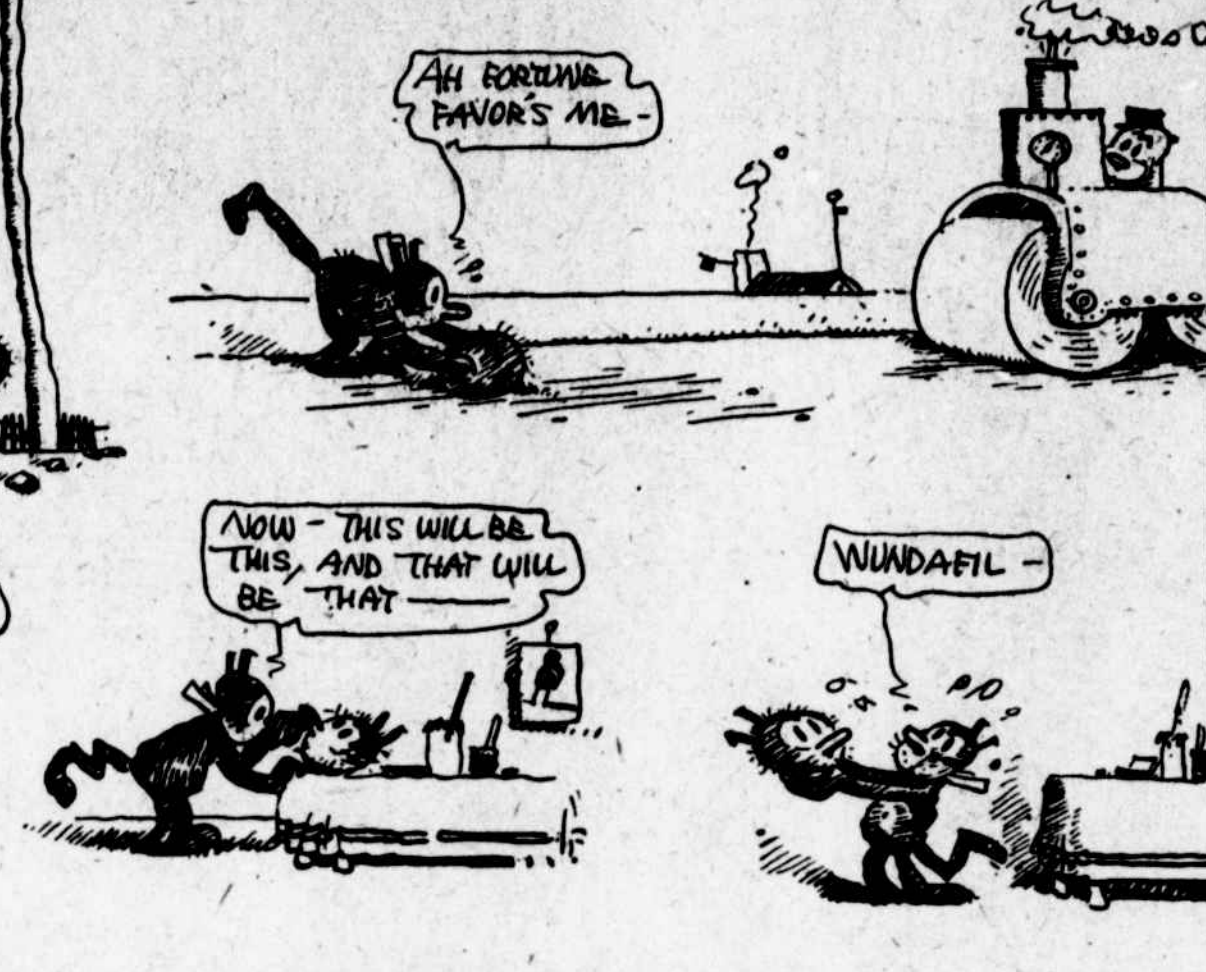
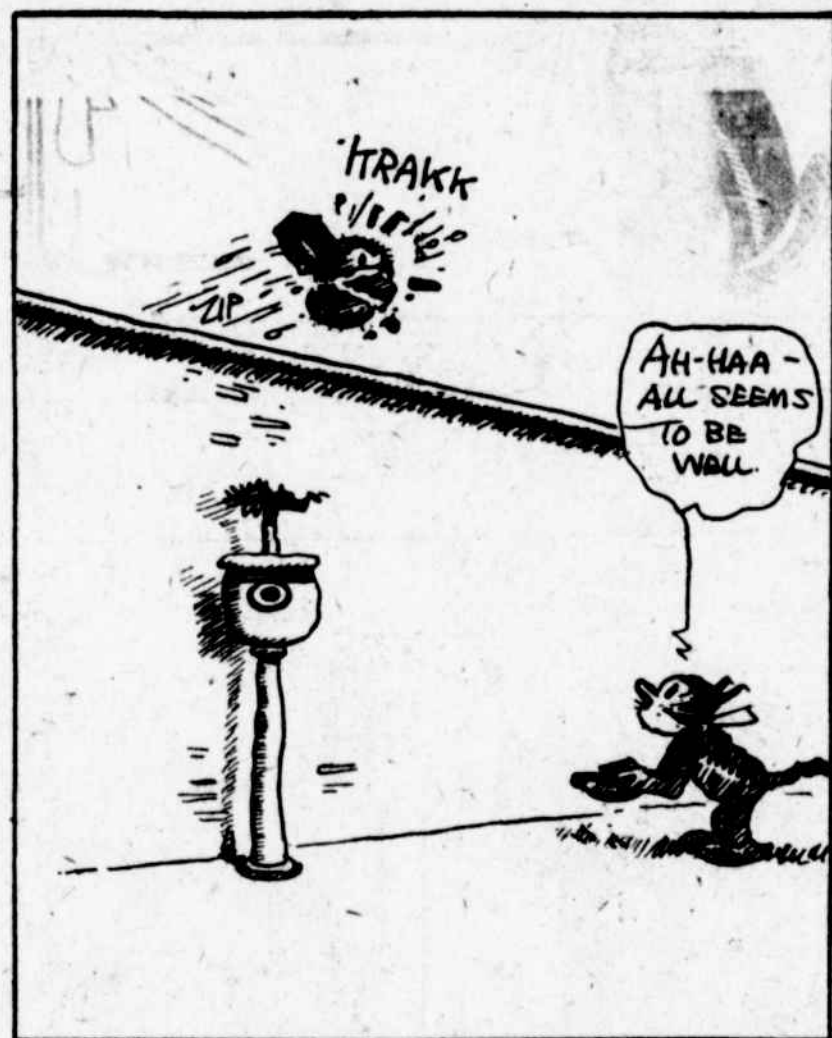
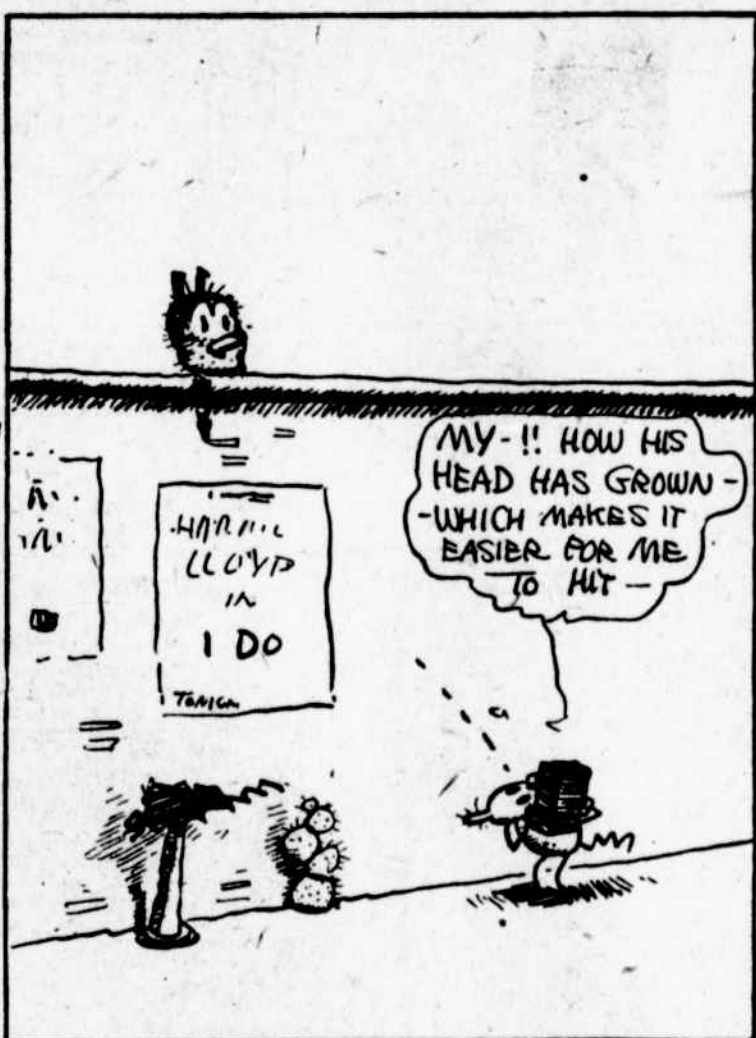
**Not a Drop Left.**  
**PASSENGER** (hurrying into subway car)—There's a man in the next car just fallen in a fit.  
Another Passenger—Too late, old fellow; last drop's gone; man just had a fit here.

**An Electric Would Do.**  
**WIDOW MURPHY**—You'll give Moike a foine hearse, will ye not?

Undertaker—Yes, ma'am. An automobile hearse.  
Widow Murphy—No, indeed, none uv thot. Moike niver could stand the smell uv gas'leen.

**It Was So Sweet!**  
**THE** pretty girl had just bestowed a hearty kiss upon little Harold, the family pet. Instantly Harold rubbed his coat sleeve across his lips vigorously.  
"What!" exclaimed the fair visitor. "Are you rubbing it off?"  
"Nope," replied Harold. "Rubbin' it in."

**Keeping Up the Impression.**  
**"J**OSH eats with his knife an' drinks his coffee out of the saucer," said Mrs. Cornstassel.  
"I told him to," replied her husband. "Summer boarders are complainin' about the prices we charge. The family has got to do something to keep up the impression that we're simple, unsophisticated country folks."



## The Average Man

**H**E rises in the morning from a mattress taxed five per cent and steps out of pajamas taxed five per cent. He takes a bath in water taxed two per cent with soap taxed three per cent, and cleans his teeth with a brush taxed five per cent.

He puts on shoes taxed ten per cent and other apparel taxed ten per cent, and eats a breakfast which taxes everything but his strength. He takes a taxi down street; transacts business which is taxed eight per cent with a man whose business is taxed fourteen per cent.

He stops and buys a soft drink taxed ten per cent, goes home—which is taxed three per cent—puts on his dinner clothes taxed ten per cent, and goes to the theatre, for which he is taxed another ten per cent.

After life is over he will be laid at rest in a coffin taxed eight per cent under a tombstone taxed twelve per cent. May he rest in peace—tax free.

## From Here and There

**The Modern Way.**  
**WIFE**—Darling! Darling!  
**Husband**—Yes, my dear.  
**Wife**—Don't be silly, Charles, I was calling Toodles!

**Why He Was Late.**  
**"M**ET Mr. Jones," said, as we showed the newcomer around.

"Mr. Jones and I have met before," said the newcomer coldly as he turned away. At the first opportunity we asked:

"What's the trouble between you and Jones?"

"Trouble!" repeated the newcomer. "Why, the first day I arrived in this town, weary from travel and dying for a drink, I asked Jones if he could recommend me to a good doctor with a big heart and prescription blank. And he sent me to an osteopath!"

**A Good Question.**  
**S**HE had the money and he a small job. He wished to get married very badly, but she was rather undecided. One night, as they sat talking about the future, he having coaxed her into a halfway engagement, he said:

"And we'll be very careful and not run into debt and have trouble as the Sissons did. We'll always pay cash—won't we, dear?"

A suspicious look came to her face. Quickly she put forth the question, "Whose cash?"

**Long Time Between Meals.**  
**H**E was the most down-and-out looking specimen who had applied at the back door of this particular farmhouse for many a year. The housewife viewed him with disgust.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed. "I don't believe you've washed for a year."

"Just about that," agreed the hobo. "You see, I only washes before I eats."

**His Way of Advertising.**  
**A**FTER a spectacular chase which lasted several minutes, the proprietor of the Palace Cafe, "tables for ladies," overtook a fly and dealt it a lethal blow with a swatter.  
"Good work!" exclaimed a patron. "Anybody seeing you do that would say that you run a sanitary place."  
"Just confidentially," replied the proprietor, "that's why I did it. I let that fly in on purpose."

**Those Movie Kisses.**  
**L**ITTLE Jack was going away on a few days' vacation when he came to kiss his mother good-by. When she kissed him rather hurriedly, for there were still some of his things to get ready, he caught her hand and said:  
"Mother, I didn't like that kiss. I want one of the movie kind."  
"The movie kind?" his mother questioned.  
"Yes," he insisted; "one like the movie people always give—a hang-on one for a long time!"

**Competition the Life of Trade.**  
**"T**HEL," he whispered, "will you marry me?"  
"I don't know, Charlie," she replied coyly.  
"Well, when you find out," he said, rising, "send me word, will you? I shall be at Mabel Hicks' until 10 o'clock. If I don't hear from you by then I am going to ask her."

## Winter Styles in Whiskers

**T**HE Charles E. Hughes's will be prominent among the whisker modes this Winter, although they are not so warm and do not offer as much chest protection as the old-fashioned William Cullen Bryant's, although the latter may be grown to some extent soon by gentlemen who desire to conceal their Christmas neckties.

The Senator Knute Nelson or paint-brush style still flourishes in some parts of the Middle West. It is a handy whisker for all seasons and does not interfere with milking the cow or running a typewriter. It is recommended for beginners in the conservation of hair.

One reliable old brand, the Smith Brothers, made in two distinct patterns, remains popular. These have always been the best advertised whiskers on the market. There is a heavy set for Winter and a lighter one for Autumn. Either pattern offers protection to the thorax during the influenza season and will be considerably worn during the coming Winter.

## Household Hints

**H**OW to Keep Catsup from Working—Get it a nice job on an investigating committee.

**How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair**—Stuff a sofa pillow with it. If a sofa pillow won't hold it all put the rest in a bedtick.

**How to Have a Cozy Corner**—Go down on Wall street and buy up all the U. S. Steel That will provide you with a corner about as cozy as any you have ever seen.

**How to Make Beaten Biscuits**—Mix one pint of flour and shorten with one pint of TNT. Put whole in oven. Then beat it.

**How to Remove Cranberry Stains from Silk Shirtwaist**—Take the material containing the stain and stretch it carefully. Take a pair of sharp shears and cut all around the stain. It will never return.

**How to Make a High Hat**—Take one length of stove pipe, then catch

seven or eight black cats and skin them, stretching the skins tightly about the stove pipe. Then brush carefully. If the hat is too tall use a little shortening.

**How to Cure a Baldheaded Rug**—Take a pair of barber's clippers and clip the rug all over. Then lather it and shave it with a safety razor so it will all look alike. It will then grow out evenly.

**How to Make Curried Beef**—Take your beef and stretch it on the kitchen table, nailing it firmly at each end so it cannot get away. Then take an ordinary currycomb and scrape it over the beef rapidly with a motion resembling the shaking of dice for a chance on a \$3 diamond ring. Keep this process up long enough and the beef will be thoroughly curried. Curried rice is also popular, but it is not so easy to curry as beef, because it is harder to nail to the table and will not stand still while being curried.

## The Age of Machinery

**T**HIS is becoming such a mechanical age that a woman spends money almost automatically. That doesn't mean, however, that she spends it as the Automat; she is more apt to spend it at the Waldorf.

Women used to have to do practically everything by hand. Now about the only thing they do by hand is put on rouge. Doubtless the day will come when rouging machines will be installed in every home. Perhaps it won't be long before rouge slot machines will be a convenience in every subway.

Then when milady discovers that her complexion is not living up to the advertisements all she need do is put a penny in the slot and get a fresh dab.

Women no longer are required to churn, weave, make soap, dry apples, preserve fruits or do their own hemstitching.

This gives them much more time to chat, warble, make hay, marcel,

preserve their complexions and do their own flirting.

The domestic arts are being neglected, but there is still plenty of opportunity to drink tea and spread gossip. Drinking tea is something that has to be done by oneself; it can't be done by machinery. Gossip, likewise, depends upon individual effort.

You can't wind up a good piece of scandal as you can an eight-day clock. Rumors have to be started by hand and kept going by tongue. You can't attach them to a lamp socket and keep them running for three cents an hour or some such figure.

On the other hand, telephones and other modern mechanical devices are of great value in extending the field of operation of a good piece of scandal, once it's under way.

If the women devoted as much time to inventing machinery as they do inventing gossip they'd be one hundred per cent efficient.